

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



THE MYSTERY WAS IN THAT TOWER.

THE RIVAL HEIRS.

CHAPTER III.

THE lord and master of Maywood Hall leant back in a listening attitude, while his fair visitor proceeded to relate

THE MYSTERY OF MOORSIDE GRANGE.

"My great-aunt, old Mrs. Luke, as the neighbours called her, lived to be within a few months of eighty-five, and died not very many years ago. She retained her faculties in wonderful preservation to the last. Her memory was particularly good, though, by a common

but inexplicable effect of old age, it was clearer and more correct on the events of her early days than on those of the week just elapsed. The present was apt to slip from her while keeping hold of the past—and no wonder, for the stretch was far. Born before the middle of the last century, she had a faint recollection of the great frost of 1739, a somewhat clearer one of the Pretender's army marching past her father's house near Preston, and a vivid remembrance of George the Third's coronation, at which auspicious time she made her first visit to London, and wore her first hoop. Mrs. Luke had a long time to remember, and took an old woman's pleasure

in rehearsing favourite passages of her journey—it must be confessed not always recollecting the proverb touching familiarity. Select listeners had a considerable chance of hearing the same tale several times over; yet my great-aunt's tales could bear to be twice told. She had received the education of a gentlewoman in her day. Nature had given her a fund of good sense and keen observation. She had travelled when travelling was neither so rapid nor so common, but perhaps done to more advantage than it is now, having resided with her husband, who was a merchant in the Baltic trade, many years at Petersburg, and returned to England in the weeds which she had never cast off. In my growing-up days she stood among us a living link between our own and a past generation. Young as I was then, there was something like fascination for me in hearing her tell of that long dead and buried world of her youth; but among all her accounts of bygone wonders and sights at home and abroad, the following adventure, though most rarely related, seems to me the most remarkable; and, as far as my memory serves me, I give it in the old lady's words.

"My father's house was rather a lonely one: it stood on a grassy moorland which sloped up from the old road between Preston and Derby; beyond the meadows and corn-fields which lay round it, there was nothing to be seen but wild heaths and uplands stretching away till they seemed to meet the sky. It was an old place, built sometime before Bosworth Field was fought, and they called it Moorside Grange. There had been a moat round it, but it was dry in our time, and my father planted it with young willows. Inside there was one great hall, and many small rooms with wainscot walls, low ceilings, and narrow windows; there was a turret on the roof, with two little chambers in it, and windows narrower still: they were mere slits in the thick wall; but from them one could see hill and dale, church spire, and village smoke over all the country for twenty miles round. In front of the house there was a wide meadow-like lawn, behind a large garden full of old fashioned flowers and fruit. My father's labourers lived in cottages scattered among his fields; my mother kept five maids always at work about the house, the dairy, or the spinning-wheel: she superintended everything herself, baked, brewed, made candles, made cheese, and spun fine linen, not to speak of needlework, which ladies did to some purpose in those times. We kept sheep-shearing and harvest-home, Christmas and Shrovetide, with old-fashioned cheer and games; friends came to see us from Derby and Preston, York and Lancaster; travellers, rich and poor, were entertained at our house when storm-stayed on the moors in winter time; so we got the news of the country, and the Grange, though solitary, was not a cheerless place.

"I was the eldest of three children, and, at the time I speak of, in my ninth year. There happened to be four years between me and my next brother; and a step or two in advance makes much difference at the beginning of life's journey. I had no playmate, no home companion, and therefore took to amusing myself by helping my mother in her household duties, (little as I could do, she said there was nothing like beginning early); watching all that my elders did, and climbing up the steep stone stair leading to the turret-rooms, which were never used because they were so high and out of the way; but there I used to sit with my doll and my little work-basket, making all sorts of small finery, and looking over the wide moorlands, where I could see the hares feeding and the heathcock flying about in summer afternoons. The summer was drawing to its close, the corn had been

gathered in, the harvest-home had been kept with all its fun and feasting, my mother was getting ready for her October brewing, the leaves were growing brown on our garden trees, and the turret-rooms were growing cold for me, when my father went to see his lawyer in Lancaster. It was about another farm far off in the country, which he thought of buying; I had heard him and my mother talking of the matter, and knew all about it, as children will when their seniors do not think so. He came back at the end of the week, looking as well as usual—and my father was a fine handsome man; but something deeply concerned him; I saw that at once, and I soon found out that it was a secret, for my mother sent me out of the dining-room and shut the door before they began to talk, and when I saw her again she looked deeply concerned too.

"That night I was lying in my little bed in my own room—a sort of closet partitioned off the nursery; the rest of the house were all in bed too, though it was little past eight; we kept early hours in the country then, but I could not sleep for thinking of the secret and wondering what it could be. There was deep silence in the Grange and about it, when all at once I heard steps below; then the back door was softly opened; there was somebody and something being done in the farm-yard. I crept out of bed and peeped through my window, which happened to overlook it, with a panting heart, for highwaymen and housebreakers had been heard of on the moors. It was nothing of the kind, but my own good father and Jack, a discreet trusty man-servant, who had been in the family since my grandfather's time, and was employed in all weighty affairs. They had a lantern, and were getting out the best covered cart, in which my mother went to church when the moorland roads were deep with winter rain—nobody but lords put up to carriages in my young days—and Bay Betty, the best and quietest of our horses, I saw them harness it in the cart; then Jack went in and brought out a great bundle; but I could see no more, for the lantern light went out. I heard my father say to Jack, that the rising moon would do. Immediately the farm-yard gate was opened, the cart driven out slowly and softly, and then somebody locked the gate, and Bay Betty rattled away as if to win a race. I crept back to my bed more amazed than ever. Where were my father and Jack going at that time of night? and what would they bring home in the cart? I resolved to lie awake and watch for their return. In pursuance of that resolution I heard the kitchen clock strike nine; but then sleep overcame me, and when I got up in the morning Jack was bringing in the cows to be milked, and my father was sitting in the breakfast-room. The cart had come back too; I saw it lying out in the meadow beyond the garden, and Bay Betty resting herself on a sunny bank hard by. Had I been only dreaming overnight? No, there was something that made my father look serious and thoughtful, though he did not wish the servants or children to notice it; something that made my mother look anxious and half-frightened, as if she thought our quiet comfortable old house no longer safe; something that made Jack keep away from his fellow servants, and steal out by himself to wash and souse the cart with buckets of lime-water, where it still stood in the meadow. Another circumstance brought the existence of a family secret more forcibly home to my childish mind. My workbasket and doll had been transferred from the window of one of the turret-rooms to a side-table in the back parlour; when I attempted to carry them back to my ancient haunt, the door at the foot of the turret stair was locked, and no request or coaxing would induce my mother to give me

the key. She said the weather was growing chill and foggy; I should get cold up there; had I not better sew in her room? which opened into the flower-garden, so warm and sheltered that the blackbirds sang and the china-rose bloomed there nearly all the year. I was not to be put off so easily. No place but the turret-rooms would do for me. They were not cold at all; my little brothers could not get up there to make a noise and spoil my work; and I know not how many more recommendations I urged in their favour, till my mother said, with a decided look, 'No, Lucy, I have particular reasons for keeping the turret-rooms locked up; sew wherever else may be convenient, but you shall not go there.' When my mother took that tone, I knew there was no more to be said. I sewed in her room—a pleasant one it was—but henceforth my attention was fixed on the turret. The mystery lay there. Many a time I stole up to the door at the foot of the stair, tried to push and pull it with all my might, but it was always locked. Many a time I looked at the narrow windows from the lawn, the garden, and the meadows, from every point where they could be seen and I could not. The discoveries which rewarded my vigilance only increased my curiosity.

"Two or three times when I happened to be out late in fine evenings, I distinctly saw a light in the locked-up rooms, and once, when standing concealed amongst the garden trees, I caught sight of a strange old woman looking out at one of the windows. I was amazed and frightened, but, conscious of playing the spy and prying into matters I was not allowed to know, I dared not tell what I had seen, or ask my parents for an explanation. They still looked anxious and troubled; I felt sure it was all about the secret, but our servants set it down to the news we got about this time, that the small-pox had broken out in Preston. People who have not lived before Dr. Jenner's great discovery, can form no idea of the general terror with which that disease was regarded. It was not alone in the narrow streets of towns, or the poor ill-kept huts of the country, that it made most havoc; princes and kings had died of it, high-born beauties had been turned to perfect frights, and people of all ranks and ages had lost their sight by it. If it once entered a neighbourhood, there was neither prevention nor effectual cure. My father and mother took more than usual precautions; they fumigated everything that came into our house; they admitted nobody who had been in Preston for a month before: and by these measures, and the pure air of the moorlands, the Grange escaped the contagion; but I was fretting myself into a fever about the secret. My father was an observing man, and had perhaps an over-good opinion of his only daughter. While I was watching the turret he had watched me, and one day when I did not the least expect it, but was looking up as usual from a shady corner of the garden, he came quietly behind me, laid his hand on my shoulder, and said, 'Lucy, you spend a great deal of your time looking at that turret. Listen to me, my girl,' he continued; 'you have seen and heard things which you do not understand and you are too young to be told the reason of; there is a secret which your mother and I have good cause for keeping from you and from all the family; pry no more into it, or you will bring us to great trouble, and when you are old enough and wise enough, as I hope my Lucy will be, I shall tell you all about it.'

"My father said a good deal more to the same effect. I made him a solemn promise never to look at the turret windows or try the door at the foot of the stairs any more, and I am happy to say I kept my word, though often tempted to break it; for there were sounds of people

moving about in that direction at night, after we had all gone to bed, and I think some of the servants got frightened; but the winter wore quietly away. My father grew less thoughtful, my mother less anxious, Jack came back to his old seat in the kitchen, though the cart still stood in the meadow under shower and shine, and the inferior one was promoted to the church-going service. We kept Christmas almost as blithely as in other years. One night towards the end of January, when the moonlight was clear and the weather fine for that season, I heard sounds of a whispered leave-taking at our door, and a horse's hoof galloping away. Next day Jack was nowhere to be seen, but he reappeared in the evening, leading Bay Betty into her stable. Some days after, I saw the door at the foot of the turret stairs ajar, but never cared to go up to those out-of-the-way rooms again; there was a terror and mystery about them now, though the windows were kept open night and day, and I did look sometimes—my father as much as said I might—but I never saw the lights or the old woman more. It is needless to say that the promised clearing up occupied a good deal of my thoughts and speculations. What a thirst I had for getting old and wise fast, in order to come at it; but time brought me other and sadder subjects of thought. In the following year my father was killed by an accidental fall from his horse. My uncle came to take care of the property. I went to the boarding-school at York, and in the very next summer lost my mother by an attack of brain fever. You have often heard me tell how my aunt and uncle brought us all up; in what fine style they sent me to London when my education was finished, to visit our relations there; how Mr. Luke got places for my cousins and me to see the coronation—there never was an worth seeing since, I am sure; how he had to get an introduction to my family, and proposed three months after I returned home.

"Nearly forty years had passed; I had been happily married, had left my country, had seen some of the world, had grown old, had lost my husband, and was on my homeward way to England, in a far-off and strange city, before the mystery of my childhood was explained. It was at Königsberg, in East Prussia.

"I had traversed Russia and Poland—a tedious and dreary journey at the close of the northern autumn, when all the rivers were swollen and all the flat country, then without roads or bridges, turned to one vast marsh with the continuous rain. There was no other way to get home from Petersburg. I do not know what they do now, with their wonderful steamers, but the autumnal storms of the Baltic were thought so terrible that no ship would venture to England at that time. My great loss had left me sorely shaken in body and mind; the damp and cold of that dreary journey had brought on a low fever; and when I reached Königsberg, it became necessary to find some place of rest where I might remain quietly for a few days. The town was full of Prussian soldiers; Frederick the Great was said to be preparing for another war; every inn was crowded, every street was noisy; my servants had returned to the post-house with a report that there was no accommodation to be found, when a merchant's clerk, whom I had never seen before, called on me with his master's compliments and an offer of apartments as long as I pleased to stay at his house. Much, but agreeably surprised, I accepted the offer, and at once took possession, supposing, of course, that the rooms were to be paid for. They were a handsome suite, on the first floor of a large and very elegant German house, situated in one of the best streets of the town. The furniture was convenient and costly; and no sooner had we got in, than myself and attendants were provided

with everything, more and better than we required. Plate, linen, wine, and provisions, all were of the best and most abundant. The merchant's servants paid us every attention, and the place would have been most agreeable; but, seeing things on such a magnificent scale, I could not help taking alarm at the probable expenses. Though not a poor widow, I was not wealthy. Mr. Luke had been a more liberal than gathering man; and to guard against the chance of robbery by the way—not an uncommon one in that line of travelling—I had brought with me from Petersburg only a sufficient sum to pay the ordinary charges. It seemed prudent to intimate this to one of the merchant's upper servants, on the first opportunity; but, to my utter astonishment, he assured me I should have nothing to pay for. There was something in the case I did not understand, and common prudence suggested that my best course was to see the master of the house and get an explanation if possible. Accordingly, I sent a polite request for an interview with the merchant, and a gentleman of advanced years, very grey, but still erect and handsome, made his appearance and addressed me in a most respectful and friendly manner. I thanked him for the attentions which myself and servants had received at his house, mentioned my fears of being unable to pay for such splendid accommodations, and received the same assurance which his servant had given me, that there was no payment expected.

"Sir," said I, determined to come to the bottom of the affair, 'such kindness to an unknown stranger merits sincere gratitude; but from your knowledge of the world, which doubtless far exceeds mine, you must be aware that it is a very extraordinary thing.'

"Madam," said the merchant, smiling, 'I am aware of the fact; but my kindness is shown to travellers from your country, by way of doing all in my power to pay a debt of gratitude still more extraordinary. Listen and I will tell you the story as I have told it to all who came and went from this house for many a year, in hopes of discovering the family to whom I owe so much. In my youth I travelled over all Europe, partly on account of business, and partly to see the world. The last country I visited in my tour was England; there, finding much that was new and curious to me, I stayed longer than I intended, and, while travelling in the northern counties, came to the end of my money. The bill of exchange which I had expected did not reach me, through a mistake committed by my German agent. I was alone in a strange country, having chosen to explore that part of England without the incumbrance of baggage or attendants, and, to add to my misfortunes, I caught the terrible infection of the small-pox, how I cannot tell, but the disease attacked me at a small country inn. The dread of that fearful malady made every one fly from me, and I must have died for want of care in a ruinous out-house, the only place where they would let me remain, but for the compassion of an English gentleman who happened to come that way. Under covert of night he brought his servant with bedding and a vehicle, took me to an unused part of his house, employed a trusty nurse to attend me, got a physician to prescribe for me, and all without the knowledge of his servants and children, whose terror of the small-pox might have brought it among them had they known it was in the house. There I remained concealed and carefully nursed, till the disease left me and my strength returned; then my generous benefactor, whose goodness exceeded that of the Samaritan, inasmuch as he ran greater risks by it, supplied me with money for my journey, and sent the same confidential servant who had assisted in my removal from the inn, to conduct me to the nearest town. I parted from him and his excellent

wife, who had done her part in my secret entertainment, with many promises of writing to them as soon as I reached my native city. I found my way to London, and sailed for Hamburg; but my portmanteau was stolen from the inn where I lodged, and with it were lost the name and address of my English friends. My memory was never good for names or addresses, and, being a foreigner, the English sounds and spelling entirely escaped me, and never since have I been able to trace out the place or the family, though both are stamped on my recollection never to be effaced. When I inherited my father's business and grew rich, I assigned these apartments for the entertainment of all English travellers who might be in sickness or difficulties in Königsberg, as I was once in your northern counties. Many, I rejoice to say, have been lodged and helped on their journey here, but never one could give me the least intelligence regarding my own generous entertainer, though I have accurately described the place to each of them; and with your leave, madam, I will do so to you. If you have ever seen it, or should see, you will recognise it at once.'

"What was my amazement when the merchant here proceeded to describe with great minuteness and accuracy my father's house, the surrounding scenery, the turret chambers in which he was lodged, and the children he saw at play in the garden.

"Was the gentleman's name Wentworth, and the place called Moorside Grange, in the county of Lancaster?" said I, when he concluded.

"It was, it was," cried the merchant, grasping both my hands; 'have you seen it? do you know it?'

"I know it well."

"And in my turn I related the story of my childish curiosity and wonder. The mystery which had often recurred to me in after life, the sounds, the lights, the strange old woman, my father's injunctions against prying, were all explained now. The bread which my parents had cast on the waters was returned to their daughter forty years after, in the days of her misfortune, and had benefited many a traveller beset with difficulties in a foreign land.

"When the merchant became aware that I was the child of his benefactor, he overwhelmed me with kindness, lamenting only that he could never have an opportunity of making his acknowledgments to my father in this world. I was immediately introduced to his wife, a comely German matron, his two married sons, and his numerous relations. They vied with each other in showing me civilities all the time I could be induced to remain. When I would set forward on my journey, the merchant obliged me to accept several valuable presents—you may see them yet in my jewel drawer. He escorted me as far as Hamburg; many a letter I had from him after my settlement in England; but he is gone the way of all flesh, and I have lived to be a very old woman, telling here at my nephew's fire-side in London, the puzzle of my childhood, and the solution which time brought me of the mystery of Moorside Grange."

The squire had listened at first with apathy, then with interest, and when Miss Westby came to the conclusion he had got into a state of cheerful enthusiasm. "That is worth a thousand of your 'Crazy Jane,'" he cried to poor Mrs. Cotham; "a good story, a curious story; I am much obliged to you, Miss Westby; and it actually happened, and it's all true; you heard your grand-aunt telling it; what a wonderful adventure!" and Miss Westby's tale supplied them with subjects of conversation for an hour beyond the squire's usual time of going to rest. When at length they bade him

good-night he shook her kindly by the hand, vowed she was gold to a man shut up in a dull sick-room; and any one might have thought the London governess had got a good step nearer being lady of Maywood Hall. Before they departed, it was arranged that everybody should do as they pleased in the mornings; in the afternoons and evenings the squire would receive company in his room, if able to sit up at all; "and if I am not," said he, addressing Miss Westby, "perhaps you will come and sit by the old man's couch, and talk or tell him something to get over the gout with."

"She is very clever," thought Lansdale to himself, in the privacy of his own room; "can talk so well, and amuse the squire; I'll have no chance against her, and Captain Spencer will have no objection to take the name and arms, I am sure. How strange that Caroline has not written in answer to my two letters." And then, somehow it crossed him what a fine hand Miss Westby wrote. He had seen a note of hers open on the squire's table—an acceptance of his invitation, handsomely worded. The commercial traveller's sight was keen, and he could not help reading it. "How well she told the tale, too! couldn't he do something of that kind? He would try, on the next opportunity. Everything depended on the old man's humour, and there was an estate to be willed."

GUY FAWKES.

THE annual celebration of the "Powder Plot" is a curious proof that communities, like individuals, are subject to great panics, which, recalled by the recurrence of the day when they happened, haunt them to the end of their history. It is only the other day that the Church of England ceased to commemorate by a special service "our deliverance from that most traitorous and bloody intended massacre." The *Fifth of November* never fails to meet us with stuffed figures, and the noise of fireworks, faintly symbolizing to our street population the horrid catastrophe which frightened their ancestors two centuries and a half ago. Long after the plot has lost all political signification, it lingers in the public mind as a myth of the imagination. A dark cellar filled with combustibles, a tall man with long moustaches, girdled with dagger and pistols, and furnished with dark lantern and matches—such are the materials out of which are woven the popular biography of Guy Fawkes. Still, this mumming rests on a real tale of horror. Guy Fawkes was no myth; and it may be interesting to our readers to rescue this chapter of English history from the region of romance, and lay before them a few facts relating to a personage who has acquired such unenviable celebrity.

Guy Fawkes, or Guido Faukes, as he wrote his name, was a native of Yorkshire, though, from his christian name, and from his features as seen in popular likenesses, he would seem to have been of Spanish descent. He had served as a soldier of fortune in the Netherlands, and had visited Madrid, as agent for the exiles of the Spanish party who gave such annoyance to the government of Elizabeth. His dauntless courage and fierce zeal in the cause of the Roman Church pointed him out as a valuable auxiliary in the plot devised on the accession of King James, which aimed at nothing less than involving the king, the lords, and the commons, assembled in Parliament, in one common destruction. That such an atrocious idea, though it might flash through the mind as a guilty dream or a passing curse, should have been seriously contemplated by men of sense, brooded over for months, deliberately planned, and all but carried into execution, seems almost incredible in our days; and,

after all that has been said about it, the cause has hardly yet been explained. Oppression, it is true, will drive even a wise man mad; but, though the priests of the Romish Church were subjected to severe penal statutes, as suspected of treasonable designs, and though the prospects of that Church, from the accession of James, the son of the unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, had been disappointed, it would be rather too much to apply the term persecution to the defensive measures adopted against a powerful party whose plottings to overturn the government and religion of the country kept it in constant alarm. The real author of the formidable plot we now speak of was Robert Catesby, a gentleman of ancient family in Northamptonshire. No motive less potent than religious fanaticism, working upon a dark and distempered fancy, and prompting him to avenge the injuries, and secure the triumph of Roman Catholicism, can account for his entertaining a project at once so wild, so wicked, and so unlikely to gain its ultimate end. Once resolved on it, however, he proceeded with the utmost determination. Having taken into his confidence four other persons, Thomas Winter, a Worcestershire gentleman, Percy, Wright, and Fawkes, he first made them all swear a solemn oath of secrecy, and partake of the sacrament from the hands of Father Gerard, a Jesuit missionary; and, after this fearful perversion of the sacred rite, he unfolded to them his plan of operations. He proposed that a mine should be dug beneath the House of Parliament, to be filled with barrels of gunpowder; that these should be exploded at the moment when the King, the Prince of Wales, and all the lords, the prelates, and leading gentry, were assembled to hear the opening speech of his Majesty; and that, taking advantage of the panic that was sure to follow, they should gather their friends, proclaim the young princess as queen, and effect an entire revolution on the policy and religion of the country. When first proposed, the daring character of the design, and the terrible sacrifice by which it was to be effected, startled the conspirators, and some of them began to shrink at involving friends and foes in the same catastrophe. The question, however, was proposed, as a case of conscience, to Garnett, the principal of the Jesuits, whether, to effect some great good, the innocent might be involved in the same doom with the guilty? and he decided in the affirmative.

Thus, fortified by the opinions of their divines, and the sanction of their religion, the infatuated conspirators immediately set about the execution of their plans. Having hired an old house adjoining the House of Parliament, they began to cut their way through a wall of immense thickness, during which they were alarmed by hearing voices on the other side. Thinking they had been discovered, they snatched their weapons, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. At length Fawkes was despatched to make inquiries, and found, to their great relief, that the sounds proceeded from a coal-cellar, or vault, immediately under the Parliament House, and that the present proprietor was leaving it. Abandoning their old mine, they hired the cellar, and conveyed to it, under the cover of night, several barrels of gunpowder, which, to elude all suspicion, were concealed under stones, billets of wood, and household furniture. In all these preliminary arrangements, Fawkes had the most active share. To him was intrusted the keeping of the vault, and he undertook, when the fatal hour arrived, to apply the match to the gunpowder. Under the name of Johnson, he gave himself out as Percy's servant. Till the Parliament met, in September, he was despatched to Flanders to procure military stores, and to intrigue with the officers of the English regiment there. On his

return to England he re-visited the cellar, and found all as he had left it; but the Parliament was prorogued to October, and thereafter to the famous day—the Fifth of November, 1605. This second prorogation alarmed our conspirators: it was just possible that their plot had been discovered; and one of them was sent to attend the ceremony, and scan the countenances of the members present. He returned with the information that they betrayed no sign of uneasiness or apprehension, from which it was justly inferred that they had no consciousness of the volcano on the surface of which they walked about and chatted together with so much indifference. It is, however, to these repeated prorogations that the failure of the plot may be attributed. None of the conspirators had money, except Catesby, and, his funds having been exhausted by the delay, it became necessary to apply to his friends for supplies. Two of these, Sir Everard Digby and Francis Tresham, were accordingly taken into the secret. The chances of discovery were thus multiplied, and Catesby, in particular, lived in the constant terror of being betrayed. His sleep was haunted by fearful dreams, and he began to suspect his new associates. To ease the perturbation of his mind, he confessed his design to two Jesuits, Greenway and Garnett, who attempted, but in vain, to dissuade him from his purpose.

As the fatal day approached, the anxiety of some of the conspirators to save their friends in the House increased. It was agreed that some of them should be induced, by false messages, to absent themselves from Parliament, or go into the country. Tresham, in particular, whose heart had failed him, and who seems to have resolved to discover the plot without betraying his accomplices, was desirous to save the life of Lord Montague, his brother-in-law. A day or two before the Fifth of November, his lordship, when entertaining some friends at supper, received a letter, delivered by a tall man, whose face was not discerned in the dark, and who immediately disappeared. The letter contained obscure hints, to the effect that "this Parliament would receive a terrible blow, and yet they shall not see who hurt them," and strongly advised his lordship to "devise some excuse to shift off his attendance." Somewhat alarmed at this intelligence, Lord Montague sent the letter to the prime minister, by whom it was shown to King James; and it is alleged that it was the royal sagacity that first smelt gunpowder in the language of the mysterious billet. Strange as it may appear, the conspirators, though apprised of this warning, persevered in their infatuated purpose. Catesby, indeed, suspected Tresham as the sender of the letter, and, meeting him in a lonely place, charged him with it, resolved, on the slightest symptoms of consciousness appearing in his countenance, to stab him to the heart. Tresham, however, firmly denied the charge. Fawkes, from whom they had concealed these circumstances, on being apprised of them, upbraided them with their want of confidence, and declared his determination to visit the cellar every night till the fatal explosion. This iron-hearted man doubtless intended, in the event of being discovered, to apply the match to the gunpowder, and perish in the explosion.

On the evening before the Fifth of November, the lord chamberlain visited the cellar. Finding Fawkes there, he carelessly asked him by whom it was occupied, and then, fixing his eyes upon him, observed that his master had laid in an abundant provision of fuel. Even this failed to intimidate him. A little after midnight, when Fawkes was about to open the door of the vault, he was seized by Sir Thomas Knevett and a party of

soldiers. He was dressed and booted as if for a journey, a ship having been provided to carry him immediately to Flanders; three matches were found in his pocket, and in a corner behind the door was a dark lantern, containing a light. The search immediately began, and on the removal of the fuel were discovered two hog-heads and above thirty barrels of gunpowder.

By four o'clock the King and council had assembled to interrogate the prisoner. Fawkes stood before them collected and undaunted; his replies were firm, and delivered in a tone of sarcasm and defiance. When asked by his Majesty, "How he could conspire so hideous a treason against his child and so many innocent souls, who never offended him?" "True," he replied; "but a dangerous disease requires a desperate remedy." A Scottish nobleman asked him for what he had collected so many barrels of gunpowder? "To blow you, and the like of you, back again to Scotland!" was the response. In the Tower orders were given that he should be put to the rack, first gently, and then to extremity, to induce him to betray his associates. Two signatures of the poor wretch, the first in a good bold hand, the second, after torture, in an almost illegible scrawl, tell that the inhuman orders had been too truly obeyed. Fawkes, however, made no disclosures till he learned that his accomplices had appeared in arms. They, as soon as they heard of his apprehension, had mounted their horses, and joined some companions at Dunchurch. But they were soon pursued and overtaken. Strangely enough, the place of their concealment was discovered by an accidental explosion of gunpowder, which they had lain down to dry, and by which some of them were severely burnt. Several of them were killed on the spot, the rest were conveyed to London for execution. Of the three Jesuits implicated, Gerard and Greenway escaped to the Continent; Garnett concealed himself, but was discovered. He first equivocated; but, having been confronted with evidence from his own letters, he confessed that he knew from Greenway the real object of the plot, but could not conscientiously reveal it.

The feelings of consternation and horror which the nation experienced on the discovery of this nefarious design surpass all description. "I have seen some of the chief of these wretches," writes Lord Harrington, at the time, "and think they bear an evil mark on their foreheads; for more terrible countenances never were looked upon. His Majesty did sometime desire to see these men, but said he felt himself sorely appalled at the thought, and so forbore. I am not yet recovered from the fever occasioned by these disturbances." If we may judge, indeed, from the portraits of the conspirators which appeared at the time, it is seldom that eight more unpromising visages have been seen in conjunction. That of Fawkes, in particular, who was styled "The Devil of the Vault," exhibits a most villanous aspect.

The eight traitors were executed, four at a time, on Thursday and Friday, the 30th and the 31st days of January, 1606. According to the barbarous mode of executing traitors then in use, they were hanged, drawn, and quartered; that is, after being "thrown off," they were cut down, and while yet alive, were "drawn" to the block, where their bodies were divided into four parts. The first four were Digby, Robert Winter, Graunt, and Bates. They were dragged, on Thursday, from the Tower, on hurdles, into "Paul's Churchyard," where all of them died without making any confession, excepting Bates, a poor servant-lad, who begged forgiveness of God, the King, and the whole kingdom. It has been generally supposed that Fawkes was executed

in the same place; but the following extract from a rare tract, printed at the time, shows that this is a mistake. It was considered fitting that he should expiate his crime on the spot where he had intended to perpetrate the awful deed. "The next day, Friday, were drawn from the Tower to the Old Palace of Westminster, over against the Parliament House, Thomas Winter, Rookewode, Kayes, and Faulkes, the miner, justly called *The Devill of the Vault*, for had he not been a devill incarnate, he had never conceived so villanous a thought, nor been employed in so damnable an action." Then follows a minute account of the exit of each of the traitors, which, as a curious relic of the times, we may now reprint:—

"Winter, crossing himself, with a very pale and dead colour, went up the ladder, and after a swing or two with the halter, to the quartering-block was drawn, and there quickly despatched. Rookwood, hanging till he was almost dead, was drawn to the block, where he gave up his last gasp. Kayes, who, like a desperate villain, using little speech, with small or no show of repentance, went stoutlie up the ladder, where, not staying the hangman's turn, he turned himself off with such a leap, that with the spring he broke the halter; but after his fall, was quickly drawn to the block, and there was divided into four parts.

"Last of all came the great devill of all, Faulkes, *alias* Johnson, who should have put fire to the powder. His body being weak with torture and sickness, he was scarce able to go up the ladder; but yet with much ado, by the help of the hangman, went high enough to break his neck with the fall. He made no long speech; but after a sort seeming to be sorry for his offence, asked a kind of forgiveness of the King and the state for his bloodie intent; and with his crosses and idle ceremonies, made his end upon the gallows and the block, to the great joy of the beholders, that the land was ended of so wicked a villain."*

We may conclude our sketch in the words of Lord Harrington: "Thus have I given you an account of our sad affright. May Heaven guard this realm from all such future designs, and keep us in peace and safety!"

EARTH-WORMS.

THE earth-worm does not seem to have very much occupied the attention of naturalists. Darwin has convinced us of his utility, and has shown that he is the unrecognised agent who from time to time increases the vegetative mould that covers the surface of the cultivable soil. The worm does this by depositing upon the upper surface of the ground those little cylindrical heaps of fine corrugated earth which in growing weather are always to be found lying at the base of the grassy turf in lawn or field, and which we constantly see in the flower-beds of the garden. These worm-castings are so abundant in certain soils as to cover in a comparatively short time whole layers of lime, cinders, or gravel, and bury them several inches deep; and instances have been recorded in which lands that had been completely faced with hard material have had, in the course of years, a soft soil more than a foot in depth deposited upon the hard artificial surface. Other writers have remarked on the conduct of worms under certain circumstances. Thus it has been noticed by Mr. Jesse that if you snatch a worm from his hole as he lies holding on to it with his tail, which he is fond of doing in moist weather, it is beyond your power to put him into it again, and, what is more, that he

cannot get into it himself. The same writer tells us that in the winter of 1836 he found one morning a number of large earth-worms writhing in evident distress on the surface of a deep fall of snow; and he accounts for the strange sight on the supposition that the creatures had wandered forth early in the night, which was moist and temperate, and had been prevented from regaining their holes by the sudden fall of snow.

As a general rule, the earth-worm will not entirely quit its hole unless alarmed, though it will lie with the greater part of its length out of it in all weathers save in the sunshine—retreating backwards with amazing celerity at the approach of a foot-fall; yet sometimes they are seen traversing a bed or a gravel walk with astonishing rapidity, and evidently marching in a straight line to some definite goal. Having observed several rather closely on these migratory expeditions, we have never succeeded in tracking one to a hole in the ground—the goal on all occasions being either a heap of compost, or, what they seem much to prefer, a pile of dead leaves. If a pile of leaves which have been heaped up in autumn be turned over about Christmas and the ground laid bare, one of two things will be observed: if the ground is hard and impenetrable, the worms will be seen among the rotting leaves stretched at length; but if the ground is garden mould their holes will be seen in large numbers, and often not more than two inches apart.

The fondness of worms for leaves is also instanced in another singular and unaccountable manner. We have noticed year after year that when a certain poplar in our garden sheds its leaves, and they fall on the gravel early in November, the worms will come out and make a property of them. This they do by rolling them up—though the leaves average over five inches in diameter—as one would roll up a map or a sheet of music, and dragging them into their holes. We have taken out of worm-holes a dozen leaves of a morning, each one coiled five or six times round, and forming a perfect cylinder; and we have noticed that those left undisturbed always disappear under the ground in a few nights. How the worms manage to effect this, is the question, and we are of opinion that it is one which will not be speedily solved, seeing that it is impossible to watch the operation, which is always carried on in the night.

The earth-worms are of various kinds, and we have yet to learn that they have been accurately and scientifically classed; perhaps the angler knows as much about the several species as anybody. In his vocabulary the largest is the lob-worm, and this is the gentleman (and lady, for worms are of double sex) who rolls up the leaves; then comes the lance-tail, whose diameter is about that of a crow-quill, and who is such an excellent bait for perch or trout. The smaller kinds are numerous, and seem to vary according to the nature of the soil. Some of them do not make burrows in the ground, but live coiled up in a sort of semi-animate state; such is the small red-worm of the angler, which is found in swarms in heaps of sweating compost.

The question is sometimes asked, how do the worms make their holes? It is plain that they have not the faculty of doing it very readily, for when one is surprised away from his home he will glide out of sight as fast as possible, but never attempts to bury himself; the construction of his hole is, we fancy, a work of time. How the work is performed no one has hitherto informed us; and meanwhile we may perhaps be permitted a suggestion which may go for what it is worth. Looking to the fact, then, that you can never, by any means, induce a worm to enter his hole head-foremost, and that he has never been seen with his head buried while the

* Arraignment and Execution of the late Traytors. London. 1606.

rest of his body was exposed: looking also to the fact that the tails of the burrowing worms are all more or less auger-shaped, and that they have the power of increasing the diameter of any part of their bodies at will, it may be that the earth-worm digs his hole with his auger-shaped tail, and that the digging is not an excavation but a mere forcible perforation of the soil, the retreat being all the stronger and more compact that it is so.

Worms perform a valuable service to the agriculturist, in loosening the soil and thus rendering it more permeable by the atmosphere and the water, both of which are essential to fructification. They are helpless creatures, and have many enemies. Underground in the fields the mole devours them by thousands, and constructs long galleries in the earth, which are his preserves and hunting-grounds. Above ground they are the food of all or nearly all our native birds, from the duck down to the tiny wren. Hedgehogs and weasels devour them in multitudes; and last August we made the unexpected discovery that they have an enemy unheard of before. A fine lance-tail six inches in length was gliding across the mould of a garden-bed, when suddenly there perched on his back, from some hidden point of vantage, a ferocious-looking dusky-haired grub, somewhat resembling, but more ugly if possible, that crawling little monster known among village urchins and country school-boys as "the devil's cart-horse." The frightful incubus began hammering away at the poor earth-worm near the tail, with its bullet head. The worm did not turn, but made desperate attempts to accelerate its pace; finding this of no avail, it suddenly stopped, and, contracting its body just above the point of attack, as though it were bound round with a ligature drawn tight, in an instant severed itself in two portions, leaving the beleaguered part in possession of the enemy. The unfortunate worm, however, did not escape by this sacrifice: the grub was no sooner aware of the movement than he left the booty in hand, scampered after the runaway, and, re-mounting on his back, renewed the attack as before. Again the worm, by the same process, cast off a portion of its body, but in vain: a third time its insatiable foe returned to the charge, and at length completed the slaughter of its victim. The grub remained still for some time, on the larger portion of the slain worm—for what purpose, of course, we could not ascertain, and then crawled leisurely away.

Earth-worms are astonishingly prolific, and they had need be so, looking to the casualties to which they are liable from accident, and the large amount of food which their bodies supply to other animals.

EDWARD IRVING.*

EDWARD IRVING was born in the end of the last century, in the little town of Annan—born of that Border country, full of ballads, full of traditions, meditative with long stretches of moorland, singing with burns and streams beyond counting, breaking forth into wistful hills, which is, perhaps, as fit a nurse for a poetic child as the grander mountain-country farther north; hills not great enough to overawe, blooming with heather here and there, otherwheres scathed and yellow as if with a fiery

breath—towers of defence upon high river-sides, watching still, through narrow window and arrow-slit, with the jealous eye of age, how peaceful modern men come and go unchallenged on the southern road; solitary churchyards in unlikely silent places, some with their rude death-chapel falling into the universal grave, some undistinguished even by such a mark as that—solemn hamlets of the dead; and everywhere running rivers and tributary burns—so frequent, that it is rare to be out of hearing of some trinkle of that fairy music—winding their pleasant way among the fields and trees—

"The muse a poet never fand her,
Till by himself he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander."

One can well suppose that Burns had this rhythmical country in his thought when he identified thus the most poetic and dramatical of all rural rambles, the walk which is accompanied by a living, animate, and companionable stream, the very minstrel and story-teller of nature. This south country divides its heart, according to the different likings of its population, between the faint yet martial reminiscences of the old Border fights, and those stories of the Covenanters which hang about every glen. The last are the most vivid, as is natural; and Professor Aytoun himself could win little favour for Claverhouse, and still less for the Claverhouse of the district—the "Lagg" who, in that country-side, impersonates the most diabolical ideas of persecution—among the cottages and farmhouses of Annandale, where the fervour of popular execration, and the fiery partisanship of popular sympathy, have not yielded yet to forgetfulness and time.

In the little metropolis of this district, with the wan water of Annan at his father's door, and tawny Solway rushing on his banks almost within hearing, Edward Irving was born. There he shared his child's porridge with Hugh Clapperton of Africa, and learned his boy's lessons, where, some time after, another boy called Thomas Carlyle, born of that same big race and poetic country, received the like instruction; and whether the tidal swell and daily ode of the great Firth close by, rung into the lad's ear and heart till they grew at last to the climax and cadence of his own grand sentences, we cannot tell; though to our own thinking the stormy Solway echoes continually through the preposterous, intolerable magnificent chant of his great countryman. But at least Irving's genius, like Carlyle's, betrays the inspiration of his district. It is stormy, hilly, irregular, full of the swell and passion of nature—the climaxes and choruses in which all natural music abounds.

These were deepened by the associations which belonged to that scene and landscape. To strangers accustomed to more impressive ecclesiastical services, the forms of the Church of Scotland are bald and meagre; but it needs to be a child in a Scottish church-loving household, to know what a romance and enthusiasm may be gathered around this grave and simple worship. All the more because it is unimaginative, the fervid imagination builds upon that austere superstructure of doctrine and faith; and it is no marvel to the young Presbyterian, inexperienced and heroic, that peasant "confessors" should have died by the score for that which the world calls freedom of worship and religious liberty, but which the Scottish ecclesiastic, not choosing these terms, names more abstrusely "the Headship of Christ." The outside world, when it has regarded with anything beyond a passing curiosity the singular and eventful course of ecclesiastical history in Scotland, has ever attributed to the external and visible cause the struggles which it saw. The Covenanters suffered for

* The Life of Edward Irving. By Mrs. Oliphant. (Hurst & Blackett). Our notice is extracted from an article which appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," November, 1858, contributed by Mrs. Oliphant, who afterwards became the formal biographer of Irving. Our portrait is copied, by permission, from the original lithograph, by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. It will be recognised by all who knew Irving as an admirable portrait.



Yours affectionate friend
Edw Irving

religious liberty—the Seceders, of a recent date, for the democratic principle that ministers should be chosen by the people. So the public generally supposes; but put the question to one of the sufferers, and he will scout your explanation. Neither for democratic rule, nor liberty of worship—for “the Headship of Christ!” This is the idea with which all the graver spirits of the Presbyterian community identify the martyrdoms of their fathers; and this is the principle with which the disrupted portion of the Scottish Church justifies its own sacrifice—that the Church is an absolutely-constituted kingdom over which Christ reigns—that the Synods and Assemblies of that Church are guilty of high treason if they acknowledge any other authority there but that of their sole King and Head.

With this principle, gleaned not only from theological teaching and the standards of the Church, but from every martyr's grave and glen of covenanting worship, a truth beyond question to his eager spirit—that power and authority are from Christ alone, service and devoir due to Christ alone—and that all external matters are external and secondary to that strait and close allegiance, the theocratic rule, Edward Irving set out upon his life. It is said he was cast in the strongest mould of man, a superb human creature, nobly developed, able for anything and everything, ready to be a Xavier or a Loyola as occasion called. Occasion, as it happened, called the boy to neither. For the ripening of his genius and the youth of his spirit, the calm ordinary discipline of the Scotch probationer was enough. After spending two years as tutor in the house of Dr. Welsh of Haddington,* he dropped into a school as young ministers in Scotland were wont to drop, and went out of hearing of his own irregular eccentric Firth to gain a broader note of music from that stately flood which parts from Edinburgh and the golden Lothians the kingdom of Fife. He became a schoolmaster in Kirkcaldy while he was still a youth; and by-and-by brought to the same place and school his countryman, Thomas Carlyle. Strange blank of human nature, which holds its steady average in spite of all excitements! One does not know that anything has ever come of the Kirkcaldy boys who chanced upon such teachings; that marvellous yoke of winged steeds did not carry the chariot to its goal with shouts of triumph as one might have expected, and made little more commotion in their race than any tame couple of educational ploughers who know nothing of Pegasus. In the manse of Kirkcaldy at that period was a parish pastor of the old type of hereditary Scottish ministers, who rejoiced over and perceived the mightiness of the lads beside him; and the two young schoolmasters walked and talked with the fittest auditory that could have been provided for their youth—young daughters of the manse, as full of intelligence and apprehension as their companions were of genius—stimulating the speculations, the discussions, and the overflowing fancy of that early time, by the subtle and indescribable impulse which a woman's mingled sympathy and contradiction give to the powers and imaginations of a young man. Imagine the two big men of Annandale, with the dew upon their boyish genius, and all their future glories still unknown, and the girls, who doubtless revered and mocked them as girls use, witting nothing of the fame and the disaster—the good report and the bad report—the conquest and the overthrow which waited on that further way. The scene charms like a picture; and there was

not wanting either that touch of warmer interest, without which, let philosophers say what they will, the record of young life is always incomplete. Two of the four were lovers; for Irving had found his future bride in the Kirkcaldy manse.

This time was the time of the young man's preparation for all his future work. His reading was not perhaps the fashion of reading most in use among Scotch probationers; and the long pause which he had to make before engaging at first hand in the immediate duties of ministerial work, left his eager and impassioned mind full room to consider and note the imperfections of the religious community around him.

“I have been accused,” he writes at a later date, “of affecting the antiquated manner of ages and times now forgotten. The writers of those times are too much forgotten, I lament, and their style of writing hath fallen much out of use; but the time is fast approaching when this stigma shall be wiped away from our prose, as it is fast departing from our poetry. I fear not to confess that Hooker, and Taylor, and Baxter, in theology—Bacon, and Newton, and Locke, in philosophy, have been my companions, as Shakespeare, and Spenser, and Milton, have been in poetry. I cannot learn to think as they have done, which is the gift of God; but I can teach myself to think as disinterestedly, and to express as honestly what I think and feel; which I have, in the strength of God, endeavoured to do. They are my models of men—of Englishmen and of authors. My conscience could find none so worthy, and the world hath acknowledged none worthier. They were the fountains of my English idiom; they taught me forms for expressing my feelings; they showed me the construction of sentences, and the majestic flow of continuous discourse. Their books were to me like a concert of every sweet instrument of the soul, and heart, and strength, and mind. They seemed to think, and feel, and imagine, and reason all at once, and the result is to take the whole man captive, in the chains of the sweetest persuasion.”

Thus, according to his own judgment, he formed his style; but the *perferendum ingenium* *Scotorum* burns too warmly through the stately speech to suggest to his audience the judicious Hooker, or the princely calm of Bacon. Solway and the winds had their share in it, though the orator does not own their power; and the young man who surrounded himself in his study with these old potentates of thought, standing in the unwilling pause of youthful genius, restrained by Providence till his time came, looking on, restless and indignant, while meaner men carried on with lower powers the battle into which he burned to plunge, made such observations as such a man was like to make upon the fashion of the warfare in which he was most interested, and where his true vocation lay.

His own opinion of ordinary pulpit ministrations, formed in this time of silence, when he had to listen where in the fervour of his youth he longed to speak, he expresses fervently and boldly as soon as he has the opportunity, and always by way of explanation and apology for his own preaching, which bore a difference, and which proper persons made objections to.

“Some preachers,” he writes, “are traders from port to port, following the customary and approved course; others adventure over the whole ocean of human concerns. The former are hailed by the common voice of the multitude, whose course they hold; the latter blamed as idle, often suspected of hiding deep designs, always derided as having lost all guess of the proper course. Yet of the latter class of preachers was Paul the apostle, who took lessons of none of his brethren when he went up to Jerusalem; of the same class was Luther the reformer, who asked counsel of nothing but his Bible, and addressed him single-handed to all the exigents of his time: of the same class was Calvin, the most lion-hearted of churchmen, whose independent thinking had made him a name to live, and hath given birth to valuable systems, both of doctrine and polity. Such adventurers, under God, this age of the world seems to us especially to want. There are ministers

* To this post he was recommended by Sir John Leslie, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, who early appreciated Irving's genius. Irving's favourite pupil, Dr. Welsh's daughter, is now the wife of Thomas Carlyle.

now to hold the flock in pasture and in safety; but where are they to make inroads upon the alien, to bring in the votaries of fashion, of literature, of sentiment, of policy, and of rank, who are content in their sensual idolatries, to do without piety to God, and love to him whom he hath sent? Where are they to lift up their voice against simony, and acts of policy, and servile dependence upon the great ones of this earth, and shameful seeking of ease and pleasure, and anxious amassing of money, and the whole cohort of evil customs which are overspreading the church? Truly it is not stagers who take on the customary form of their office, and go the beaten round of duty, and then lie down content; but it is daring adventurers who shall eye from the grand eminence of a holy and heavenly mind all the grievances which religion underlies, and all the obstacles which stay her course—and then descend, with the self-denial and faith of an apostle, to set the battle in array against them."

Such were the thoughts which grew and ripened in the mind of Edward Irving as he sat in the church of Kirkcaldy, or in other adjacent churches, listening with all the dissatisfaction and restlessness which are like to befall the classes he described. The one revered voice of the excellent parish minister who received there the full honour of his office, did not shut the young man's ears to less worthy voices. He heard the usual drowse of routine preaching; he heard the commonplace orator sailing calmly over the uncomprehended depths, and making complacent appeals to the "feelings" of his hearers; and while he kept silence, his heart burned.

This silence and these thoughts could, of course, last only for a time. What might have happened to Edward Irving had he held the learned leisure of a Fellowship, happened to him in the Kirkcaldy school. There came a climax to the vigil, when it was no longer within the possibilities of human nature to be still and wait. The ripening life and quiet thoughts broke loose from that youthful anchorage, quickened, no doubt, by the stimulation common to men in like position, of a long betrothal, and a natural anxiety to enter upon the full individual existence of maturity. Unprovided for the future, he threw himself upon the world, bent upon exercising his true vocation one way or other, though he saw no opening as to the *how*. He preached—but from one cause or another, he found no favour with his contemporaries and countrymen—and, failing a mission at home, began to occupy himself with thoughts of a mission among the heathen, the manner of which imagination one may learn from the discourse upon Missions preached years after, to the amazement and dismay of all concerned—which shows plainly enough that this prophet had no mind to offer himself as a stipendiary to any of the Societies, or to be held in the leash of any Exeter Hall. Ruminating this thought, and full of dreams of such journeys and labours as Paul accomplished in his days, he was led somehow to the pulpit of St. George's in Edinburgh, where the unpopular probationer had Dr. Chalmers among his audience. Nothing followed for the moment. Disgusted and disappointed, and sick at heart, he dropped into a chance steamboat, and went to Ireland, with a caprice not unusual to solitary and discontented men, to solace his vexed spirit with a lonely journey, and blow his disappointment away by the free winds and open air of an unknown scene—a very admirable and wise remedy, as most people have learned now-a-days. This journey was interrupted by a call into the battle where he longed to be. Without delay, the eager young man returned to ascertain, in downright and plain simplicity, whether the Glasgow congregation, among whom Dr. Chalmers desired his assistance, would tolerate his ministrations. "I will preach to them if you think fit," said the sincere giant, "but if they bear with my preaching, they will be the first people who have

borne with it." The honest citizens of St. Mungo were, however, wiser than he gave them credit for. They were not "so far left to themselves" as to reject one of the greatest orators of their age—and Irving began his true work, and opened his eager mouth at last.

He was the "assistant minister" of the congregation of which Dr. Chalmers was the head—in other words, he was simply the curate, holding just such a place as a young man in deacon's orders holds in the Church of England; the difference is merely a difference of words—words which, like everything else in Presbyterian diction, are held to represent a severe and strict "principle." And here Irving had reached at length to that interval of real discipleship and willing service which his previous experience wanted. He chafed no longer at unworthy voices, burned no longer over his own silence, but combined a quaint acknowledgment of his former unpopularity—"this congregation is almost the first in which our preaching was tolerated," and of the moderate degree of appreciation which he had still attained, "we know that our imperfections have not been hid from your eyes, and that they have alienated some from our ministry"—an acknowledgment which would be humorous and odd, but for its evident most grave and simple sincerity—with the most affectionate enthusiasm, and love for his work and his leader. He tells the story himself with the ingenuous fulness of his nature, in the dedication of his first published work, which is inscribed to Dr. Chalmers, his "honoured friend," in these words:—

"I thank God, who directed you to hear one of my discourses when I had made up my mind to leave my native land for solitary travel in foreign parts. That dispensation brought me acquainted with your good and tender-hearted nature, whose splendid accomplishments I knew already—and you now live in the memory of my heart more than my admiration. While I laboured as your assistant, my labours were never weary, they were never enough to express my thankfulness to God for having associated me with such a man, and my affection to the man with whom I was associated. . . . The Lord be with you and your household, and render unto you manifold for the blessings which you have rendered unto me. I could say much about these orations which I dedicated to you; but I will not mingle with any literary or theological discussion this pure tribute of gratitude and affection, which I render to you before the world as I have already done into your private ear."

He lived and worked in Glasgow for three years in such a noble graceful subordination as genius delights to pay to genius; but still feeling upon his big heart the cramp of local position and limit, kept dreaming in his study by himself over that mission of the Christian knight-errant, which Nature, with instinctive wisdom, kept still suggesting in his solitary ear. It was, we fear, a grand impossible imagination, only to be conceived in minds heroic and of an antique-apostolic strain; but the very singularity and impracticable nature of the thought makes it suitable to Irving, and helps to show the entire unity, simplicity, and sincerity of all his projects and ideas. His conception was of a man who went forth without scrip or purse, without sword or cloak—forth to take what was set before him, as the first disciples did—to pass from one city to another, as the first disciples passed, and to have for his pay and reward souls saved and kingdoms won, but nothing less nor more. Such was the missionary office over which he pondered as he sat retired from the busy work of the Glasgow parish; where still he had not found the freedom for which his soul yearned; and once more, amid these thoughts and projects, he was summoned to a work as urgent, and more near.

"Well," he writes, "do I remember the morning,

when, as I sat in my lonely apartment meditating the uncertainties of a preacher's calling, and revolving in my mind purposes of missionary work, this stranger stepped in upon my musing, and opened to me the commission with which he had been charged." This commission was a request that he would preach to the poor remnant of a congregation which hung together in the Caledonian Chapel, in Hatton Garden. There were fifty seatholders, and a little nucleus of that old fashion of Scotch churchmen who are not common in our days—absolute, positive, high-handed Presbyterians, who kept the discouraged little community afloat somehow by sheer persistence and determination. The church had a connection with a Caledonian Asylum, which still exists, and on account of that had some stipendiary aid from the Government, and an amount of semi-royal patronage. Whether it was the prescience of a conqueror which flashed upon his mind, what battles and victories were there to be achieved, or whether it was but the necessity for an independent field of action which influenced him, Irving seized at once upon the proposal, which by no means conveyed to a common mind any remarkable promise of fame. He preached, and was found "acceptable" to the handful of people; and so strong was his impulse towards this place and work, that the condition of being able to preach in Gaelic did not discourage him for a moment. He made up his mind to proceed to the Highlands forthwith, and "master their ancient tongue," an intention which he himself states as a proof of "the steadiness of purpose with which I desired to preach the Gospel in London." This waste of time, however, was not necessary—the condition yielded to the man; he was ordained in the church of Annan, where he had been baptized; and in 1822, thirty years old, in the prime of his youthful manhood, a bridegroom and a conqueror, came to London to his glory and his fate.

Within three months the fifty to whom he began to minister were fifteen hundred; within a year all the mighty world of English modern life swelled round the pulpit of the Scottish preacher, who dared say out his heart. With wonder, with awe, with criticism—some to fall into fashionable worship of a fashionable idol—some to admire with technical and scientific admiration—some to watch with cold philosophic eye how the blood coursed in those living veins, and the heart throbbed under the fulness of its inspiration—the great glittering stream of society poured into those walls where fifty undistinguished people had called an undistinguished Scotch probationer to preach to them.* And then occurred, perhaps, the most wonderful spectacle that has ever been seen in this wonderful town—a sight that makes it easy to understand how everybody rushed to the besieged doors, and great and small fell under the universal enchantment. There he stood in his pulpit, this great, ingenuous, candid, open soul, with whom it was not possible to divorce heart from mind, or affections from belief—revealing himself in all the fervour of his mighty gifts, amazing a superficial world by the sight of a true human heart a-throb with all the noblest sentiments of life, breathing, beating, palpitating, before their very eyes.

[To be continued.]

LEDESDALE GRANGE.

A TALE OF COAL-FIELDS AND CORN-FIELDS.

CHAPTER XXXI.—CALM AFTER STORM.

THE November winds were hushed; the lull that succeeded to the tempest was as entire as though the elements regretted the stormy blustering spirit in which they had pervaded the country, roaring through chimneys, shrieking through corridors, shaking dwellings to their foundations, and battling rudely with men and women in the open streets, bringing terror on land, and destruction and death on sea. Such had been its career; but now, to be a little poetical upon the subject,

"The warring winds had died away,
And clouds beneath the glancing ray
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity."

In ordinary prose, the wind had gone down, and the place was quiet again. It was still life to perfection. The deep autumnal tinge was yet visible upon surrounding vegetation; the birds were silent in the neighbouring groves; no bleating of lambs or ploughman's whistle, none of those many sounds were heard which mark pre-eminently spring-time in the country. There only fell upon the listener's ear the drowsy monotonous hum of Farmer Edmead's threshing machine, the faint silvery tones of the village brook as it rippled lightly over the pebbles beneath it, while the brief November day was rapidly closing in over the fields and woodlands of beautiful Stillorgan. But, November as it was, the season was warm enough to admit of the window being open that looked from a neat cottage over a flower garden, and thence to orchards and fields beyond; and at that open window, watching the fading light, sat an aged lady, whose features have been seen before, but that expression of repose, of quiet serenity and peace which marks them now is something newly gained, and imparts a totally new aspect to the whole. Mrs. Cameron had laid down her needle-work and sat alone there, looking and thinking. She was thinking of the contrast offered by the view before her with many she had lately witnessed. She was thinking of Ledesdale and its fierce furnace lights; of the angry glare they shed on everything; of the lurid glow on the clouds, as seen by night, and when, as rapidly driven by the winds across the heavens, they seemed themselves to be moving masses of fire, and to carry horror and calamity before them. And then she looked back upon her own troubled life, upon its stormy scenes, and forward to the peaceful close that seemed awaiting her, and in her heart she thanked God for the mental contrast, which was greater than the outer one could be. While she was thinking all this, Mr. Rivers entered with Pepper, and ordered the window to be shut in a very peremptory tone of voice indeed. Mr. Rivers still. Not being a lady, he remarked, it was very improbable that at his time of life he should feel anxious to change his name, and that, as he had so long proved an ornament to that of "Rivers," he should continue to be so, putting the name of "Cameron" before it; and thus his relationship to his own mother still continued a matter of debate with many curious people. If the quiet Stillorgan could ever be said to have been in a fuss, or to have allowed itself to move from the even tenor of its course, it was on the occasion of its being called on to welcome its old friend and former clergyman to a brief sojourn once more in the "cornfields." Mrs. Cameron was, not unnaturally, desirous of seeing this place of his long residence, and he was nothing loth to gratify her. Farmer Edmeads had a best parlour, "which would only be too proud if they would condescend to occupy it;" and so the matter was arranged.

* In 1823, when Mr. Irving, one of the most impressive pulpit orators I have ever heard, was giving lectures by which he roused many to a forgotten sense of religious duty, Lord Eldon thus wrote: "All the world here is running on Sundays to the Caledonian Chapel in Hatton Garden, where they hear a Presbyterian orator from Scotland preaching, as some ladies term it, charming matter, though downright nonsense. To the shame of the King's Ministers, be it said, that many of them have gone to this schism-shop with itching ears."—Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors."

But whatever he did he was not to forget Pepper; and that was rather a difficult matter to arrange, for Pepper had a wholesome dread of railway accidents, as well as of solitary confinement by the way; and it must be added with regret that, on his arrival at Stillorgan, there was nothing at all of affection or cordiality in his manner with his old associates, but rather the contrary. Mr. Rivers was welcomed with a heartiness which could never be forgotten; but people in general thought him a great deal more altered in the eighteen months that had elapsed than he had thought them. "Aged," "worn," "furrowed;" such, and a good many other uncomplimentary expressions were applied to his personal appearance, some of which reached his ears, and some were judiciously kept back. On his part, remembering the changes, revolutions almost, that had occurred, and were constantly going on, in his present sphere of action, he was amazed at the steady jog-trot pace at which his Stillorgan friends had managed to keep proceeding. A few white-headed children had grown darker, and one or two white-headed veterans had quietly dropped off; but otherwise all was as he left. The white-headed clerk had said his last "Amen" in that old parish church; he was dead, and another clerk now occupied the desk, and confounded his "v's" and "w's." All his old friends were delighted by this unlooked-for visit.

Mrs. Cameron of course was the lioness of the season, and was made so much of, that Mr. Rivers declared she was becoming fearfully vain. It was difficult to get out of some people's heads the idea that she was his wife; neither age nor difference of name could shake that sage belief until they heard him call her his mother, and then they were satisfied.

And now, if by any persons considerably anxious on that gentleman's account, or otherwise interested in the subject, it should be inquired, Did Mrs. Cameron ever groan in those days? it may be answered most emphatically, Never. That extremely uncomfortable and very peculiar habit had been discontinued by her from the time that hope first began to dawn upon her blighted and melancholy life. People who wear the look of happiness now habitual to her countenance have seldom much to do with groans of any description.

But it would be a hard case if people could not enjoy a "calm," of mind at least, when not surrounded by fertile landscapes and beautiful prospects. Back to the smoke once more, to another region of din, hurry, and confusion; to a small and rather dingy-looking dwelling, and to a small, though by no means dingy-looking parlour, where a fire burns cheerfully in the grate, and innumerable knick-knacks, which tell of a lady's supervision, are tastefully arranged. There, on the Christmas Eve following his departure from Ledesdale, sits Henry Purden, burning his boots on the bars before him, just as if shoe leather were not an object to him then; and when his wife points this fact out to him, he makes a face at her, and removes them for the time, it is true, but very soon they are back again, and singe away as merrily as before. Kate gives it up as a bad bargain. They both look happy, though she may be a trifle paler, and he a trifle less confident looking than previously. He has taken a step down in the world, and from being an iron-master is now only the manager of iron-works, which are situated at no great distance from his former home. The salary he receives would enable him to live in more than comfort had there been no incumbrance on it; but there was, and a heavy one, for both had firmly resolved never to rest satisfied till every debt was paid and every creditor done with. "For," said Kate, "I would never have them point at our little Harry in years

to come, and say, 'There goes the man whose father helped to ruin mine;' or, 'Only for his father we might have now been doing well,' etc. Truly the fire was not uncalled for that Christmas Eve, for the snow was lying thickly on the ground, and ever and anon, as heavy flakes came beating against the window, Mr. Purden pressed his boots more firmly on the bars before him, and Kate's look said, as plainly as look could say it, "How cosy it is in here!"

"You know The Grange is sold at last, Kate," her husband said presently.

"Sold!" she answered, with a sudden start; "oh, who has bought it?"

"Guess three times," said he, laughing.

She did, and guessed wrongly each time.

"What do you say to Mr. Lucas?" said her husband.

"I don't believe it," she answered.

"It is a fact, then; he has bought The Grange;" at which she opened her eyes very wide indeed, and mused a long time silently upon the subject.

"Is there not something rather peculiar about you to-day, my dear child?" inquired Mrs. Cameron, as her niece was spending a "long day" at the vicarage.

"Peculiarly nice, aunt, or what?"

"Well, I hardly know. Let me see: I think it's your dress; it is: why, stand up, child; whoever made that dress?"

"Now, don't begin to find fault, my excellent aunt. You know we are bound to encourage the industrious poor; and this robe was manufactured by a most respectable poor woman lately come to reside in a small house at Hopetown."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Cameron, dryly. "I should say, from the cut of it, you were among her first customers. Pray what's the woman's name?"

"Purden, ma'am," answered her niece, with a most profound curtsy, "Mrs. Henry Purden, at your service; charges very moderate, and most anxious to oblige."

"Well, my dear," said her aunt, when between laughing and crying she could find her voice, "it does you no end of credit, and fits you surprisingly; doesn't it, Charles? I am sure I thought it was made by—hem! but you must never do it again, my dear, never."

CHAPTER XXXII.—THREE YEARS AFTER.

AND in that interval Ledesdale has not by any means grown fairer to look upon. "Contrairey quite," as all agree who have the privilege of knowing it. If anything, it has assumed rather a darker hue; has advanced one shade nearer that particular point, that limit of blackness at which surely it must stop. But then, smoke being to Ledesdale and its fellows in the mining districts what its scent is to the rose, and its colour to the rainbow, long may it be ere it is found lacking. May it still go on puffing out its inodorous fumes, to the detriment of all surrounding matter; may it continue to disfigure faces and to blacken raiment, as long as it, at the same time, continues to keep us in that social comfort which we prize so dearly, to help forward that national strength and security on which we so justly pride ourselves. There are a few improvements in detail, however, which must not be lost sight of. Take the vicarage to begin with, and see how very decidedly the better it looks for that new coating of paint and whitewash, which was wanted a good long time before it was received. Poor Mrs. Mayberry had for many months chafed and grumbled over the unsightly tenement; sorely had she lamented over her lost labour indoors, her slavery, to use her own strong expression, when the discreditable outside

was always putting to shame both her and her bright door-handles. Her master was invulnerable; he listened, looked, shrugged his shoulders, said, "Was it really so bad? Well, possibly it might be, but what did it matter?" and so she got no satisfaction on the subject, till all of a sudden he took a bright idea into his head, sent off for white-washers, painters, and carpenters to come immediately, and then nobody could get any rest till it was all done exactly as he willed and desired that it should be done. Such is man; and such are some of the inconsistent, irrational vagaries in which that lord of the creation can occasionally condescend to indulge. But alas! alas! for the supremacy of that meritorious handmaid Martha. She had at times contemplated, even tolerated the idea of a "missis," but, in her short-sighted policy had not foreseen what was likewise involved in such an idea. Twice, since the introduction of that "bold-faced chit from Bentwater, made such a fuss of by Mr. Purden," had she requested Mr. Rivers—for with him alone she treated—to take a month's notice, as it "was plain she was now quite superseded in his household;" and twice had he replied with great serenity of manner, "Very well, Martha; certainly, if you wish it." Yet there she was still, holding on the cleaning tenor of her way, and privately communicating to her associates that the day that separated her from the master would be the blackest in all her calendar. But it must be observed that there was now a lady to be seen on the premises, who was not Mrs. Mayberry, nor Kitty from Bentwater, nor even Mrs. Cameron herself; a lady who is much more frequently seen in company with Mr. Rivers than any of the three referred to, who has even been known to dust his books and arrange his papers without a "blowing up," and whose gentle "I am sure you will do it to please me," has more influence with the poor people than some of them care to acknowledge. This lady is not an entire stranger; the tall, beautifully-formed figure is indeed not familiar; but the soft, almost pleading expression of the eyes belonged to Nelly Armitage; the voice is hers, and, in fact, it is herself.

"A bad connection for Mr. Rivers, a very bad connection for a clergyman," may be the remark not unnaturally elicited by this intelligence. It had occurred to himself, and the pro's and con's on the subject had been well taken into consideration before the deed was done. But Mrs. Cameron could tell him how that, from a child, Nelly had never really been as one of her father's family; that her whole nature had revolted from the ideas and practices common to the rest of them; that those "better things" had been found in her which should be fostered and stimulated, not left to wither in an uncongenial atmosphere: and so, as he also fell pretty considerably in love with the young lady herself, she became his wife. As for the twenty years between them, the difference being on the right side, mind you, if that was nothing to them, it certainly has no right to be anything to anybody else.

Ledesdale is still an up-hill parish to work in; but its vicar has learned more of the art of mounting than he knew before, and therefore gets on better; he has ceased to expect too much, and is better satisfied with the little; the "first person singular," formerly alluded to, is kept in the background, and therefore does not so often get wounded. But, after all, the secret of his greater success lies in remembering that he works neither for himself, nor to himself, nor by himself, and that He for whom he works can, and does, make all things work together according to his own will.

If anybody imagines that, by this time, Mr. Purden has paid off all his debts, has re-bought The Grange from

Mr. Lucas, and that, he and his wife being once more comfortably established in the old place, all is going on swimmingly, such an individual has jumped to a most unwarrantable conclusion. The debts are in a fair way of being paid off some day, and The Grange of being re-bought some day, and that day may not be very far distant; but, in the meantime, they still simultaneously pinch and thrive at Hopetown. Harry Purden, junior, has a sister, whom, with the best intentions, he has three times nearly deprived of the small amount of existence she at present enjoys. The necessity, therefore, of guarding against these effects of fraternal affection, affords a constant and agreeable source of excitement to Mrs. Purden, and prevents her feeling at all dull in her place of retirement. The present owner of The Grange is also, in his way, a source of excitement to various middle-aged ladies in the neighbourhood; but, when bantered on the subject, he usually draws out a handkerchief, and declares that, since Miss Bell's marriage with the butcher in Derby, his heart has become a wreck. It is but justice to him to add, that his demeanour in society is such, that this melancholy fact could never have been suspected.

A grand parochial meeting is taking place in the town of Trayton, and grand people are assembling there in consequence. Carriages known as belonging to some of the best county families are putting up at the "Oak and Bulrush." Iron-masters' and clergymen's families from a distance are present, and the Right Hon. the Lord Mountford of Menielands has kindly consented to take the chair. All the tradesmen of the place willing to be considered friends of the poor, and patrons of "Education among the humbler classes," are making a point of showing themselves; so that, with a very large gathering of the humbler classes themselves, the hall is crowded. A gentleman comes forward who, when he bows and smiles to the audience, is received with thunders of applause; he tries to speak, but is interrupted by renewed and vociferated cheering, so that, with an amiable simper on his countenance, he stands waiting till the force of this popular demonstration shall have spent itself. He is an elderly gentleman, and grizzled; his smile, sweet as he considers it, does not inspire confidence. A cry of "Armitage for ever!" joined, it must be added, with *platform* looks of very opposite import, leave no doubt of his identity, but they do not lessen the marvel which arises that such a man should be found in such company, and occupying such a position. Mr. Armitage began to speak, and his audience hung on every sentence that he uttered; he said that he was one of "the people, that he was a friend to the people, that he loved the people," and they cheered again till they grew hoarse upon it. He told his "wealthier brethren" that they had a duty to perform to the poorer classes; that the poor had need of their assistance; and again they shouted approval, till Lord Mountford, of Menielands, was himself obliged to request order and moderation on the occasion. May we then conclude from all this, that this very popular gentleman had at last paid off old scores, turned over a new leaf, and come out in quite a different capacity to that of his former self? We shall make a most egregious blunder if we do so conclude. Mr. Armitage had paid off none of his old scores; he was as much his "old self" as ever he was in his life, and not a person present, of common information or capability for judgment on the subject, but valued both himself and his protestations at exactly as much as they were worth. But there he stood, for all that, listened to and applauded; and, as long as there remain people to be caught by smooth expressions, and loud

asseverations, Mr. Armittage, and such as he, will be listened to and applauded. As long as there remain those with whom a good establishment, a handsome carriage, and an insinuating address can take, in the absence of any one solid recommendation, Mr. Armittage, and such as he, will stand their ground, though it be to the shame and disgust of every honest and sensible man around them. And yet some, who knew this man's domestic life, could afford to pity him: for they knew that he was a wretched creature after all. His only son, on whom all his hopes had centred, had gone abroad, laughing in his father's face at his future schemes for him. The daughter he had best loved was dead; and some could tell that there were seasons when remorse for the past, and a horrible dread for the future, had well nigh overwhelmed him beneath their weight. Possibly these may, even yet, work out some good in him; perhaps there may be yet repentance in store, even for Mr. Armittage, and such as he.

And one word about a man of a very different stamp, and representing a very opposite class of iron-masters. Mr. Marriott is still, in his workmen's opinion, "the best man going," and he merits that opinion from them, for he devotes himself to their interests and their welfare. Without ostentation, without cant, and wholly regardless of what people may say of him, he continues to form fresh schemes, and to carry out those schemes with redoubled energy, for the benefit of all with whom he is brought in contact. Mr. Marriott stands for a body of noble-hearted iron-masters, whose numbers are happily increasing from year to year, and who can well save the character of our great native manufacturers from the blight which such men as Armittage must cast upon it. To such men the attention of the country will be more than ever directed; for, in spite of temporary depression, the iron trade must continue increasingly to be the great trade of our land. Our superiority of machinery, our force of arms, the maintenance of our naval power, all, year by year, resolve themselves into a question of iron; and while we possess in abundance the chief source of our national strength, with British arms to work it, and British minds to direct its manufacture, we have, humanly speaking, little to fear either for our country or for that iron trade with which it must stand or fall.

POWER OF FASCINATION POSSESSED BY THE STOAT.

ALTHOUGH the power which some serpents possess of fascinating their prey is so well known as to have passed into a proverb, people are not perhaps generally aware that a similar power is possessed by some other animals. I have, however, observed it as exerted with most singular effect by the stoat.

I was one day going out shooting, attended by a servant. Before we arrived at our shooting ground, we had to pass an open piece of furze-land, separated by a hedge from the road along which we were going. As we were proceeding, I heard a rabbit scream on the other side of the hedge, and, looking over, I saw the rabbit running round and round in a circle, and screaming. Of course I thought at first that it was caught in a snare (or a hingle as it is locally called), and was trying to escape, but a second glance showed me that the case was quite different. There, in the middle of the circle in which the rabbit was running, a stoat was sitting up on its hind quarters, twisting round as the rabbit ran, and writhing its long lithe body about in a most serpent-like fashion, and apparently keeping its eye fixed on

that of its victim. Although we were quite close (not more than five or six yards off), they were both so occupied with their own affairs that they did not notice us.

I watched them for some seconds, during which the rabbit kept continually narrowing the circle in which it was running, while the stoat seemed to be watching for it to come near enough to spring at. I did not, however, allow them to play the game out, but, with a proper detestation of poaching, shot the stoat dead upon the spot. The charm was instantly broken, and the rabbit ran into the nearest furze-bush; but it had not entirely recovered its presence of mind, for, on going up to the spot, my servant either caught it in his hands, or else knocked it on the head with a stick—I do not exactly recollect which.

This was as distinct an instance of fascination as any that I ever heard or read of, and it appeared to be exercised in the same manner as that usually attributed to the serpent, namely, by the eye. It seems doubtful, however, whether it was so really, as the stoat has been known to exercise a similar power when the fixing of the eye was out of the question.

I think it is White, of Selborne, who speaks of his having seen a hare cross slowly over a road, screaming as it went, followed at some little distance by two stoats, which were scenting it like dogs. Here it was of course impossible for the eye to have been the instrument of fascination—a fact which makes me doubt whether it was so in the case which I observed myself.

Nor, on the other hand, can it be explained away as the effect of mere fright, for, not to say that mere fright would have made the rabbit scamper away suddenly and silently, instead of running with loud screams in a continually narrowing circle round the cause of fright, surely a man firing a charge of shot within a few inches of its nose must be a far more alarming object than a quiet little stoat, sitting on its hind quarters.

I do not attempt to explain the phenomenon; I only know that it is a fact, and that there appears to be a special faculty given to the animal to enable it to procure its food more readily than it could do otherwise.

CREDO NON OPINOR.

I ASK a perfect creed!
Oh that to me were given
The teaching that leads none astray—
The scholarship of heaven!

Sure wisdom and pure light,
Wish lowly, loving fear;
The steadfast, ever-looking eye,
The ever-listening ear.

Calm faith that grasps the word
Of Him who cannot lie;
That hears alone the voice divine,
Though crowds are standing by.

The one whole truth I seek,
In this sad age of strife;
The truth of Him who is the Truth,
And in whose truth is life;

Truth which contains true rest;
Which is the grave of doubt;
Which ends uncertainty and gloom,
And casts the falsehood out.

O True One, give me truth!
And let it quench in me
The thirst of this long-craving heart,
And set my spirit free.

O Truth of God, destroy
The cloud, the chain, the war;
Dawn to this stormy midnight be,
My bright and morning star!
"*Hymns of Faith and Hope*," by Dr. Horatius Bonar.

Varieties.

COTTON DISTRICT DISTRESS.—Statements have been recently made, both in and out of Parliament, as to the number of persons who in this country are dependent upon the cotton manufacture. Some of these accounts differ so widely from what we actually know of the number of operatives engaged in this industry, that their authors appear to be misinformed, or to have omitted from their statements some important qualifications. In May, 1861, according to a return (House of Commons, No. 23, "Factories," session 1862) prepared at the Home Office, under the supervision of one of the factory inspectors, there were in Cheshire and Lancashire 356,487 persons employed in every description of cotton factory, viz.:—Males (children and adults) 152,553; females, 205,934. These numbers were taken at a time when the greatest activity prevailed in the cotton trade. Most of the wives of the operatives, and all their children legally capable of work, find employment in the mills, and will be included in the numbers set out above. Of the males employed, 101,015 were returned as over eighteen years of age. If we assume that these were all heads of families, and multiply that number by 4·8, which is the proportion of persons to each family in England, we find that there were 484,872 persons directly dependent for their subsistence on the cotton factory wages of the district. In round numbers they may be stated as half a million. The numbers thrown out of employment by the injury done to collateral and subsidiary trades, through the stoppage of the cotton-mills, it is not possible to estimate with any degree of certainty.—*Mr. F. Purdy, Principal of Statistical Department, Poor Law Board.*

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.—A woman who is not essentially kind-hearted, cannot be a comfortable housekeeper; a woman who has not judgment, firmness, forethought, and general good sense cannot manage her house prudently or comfortably, no matter what amount of money she may have at her command; a woman who has not an eye for detecting and remedying disorderliness and carelessness cannot keep her house fresh and pleasant, no matter how much money she may spend on furniture and upholstery. It is not money, but management, that is the great requisite in procuring comfort in household arrangements.

PUBLICATIONS IN GERMANY.—According to Heinrich's "Quarterly Catalogue," the literary publications of Germany, in the year 1861, amounted to 9398, while their number in 1860 was 9496. Among these literary productions theology is most strongly represented; it comprises 1394 works, (1458 in 1860); jurisprudence comes next, with 936 works, to 884 in the previous year; belles-lettres, with 908 to 936; pedagogical works, with 828 to 795; history, with 618 to 595; natural sciences, with 512 to 542; works on Fine Arts, with 449 to 431; medical works, with 436 to 428, etc. etc. While in German literature, as these figures will prove, a small decrease is discernible, the number of works in the Slavonian and Hungarian languages shows a considerable increase: 152 to 116 in 1860.

MARRIAGE OF ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS.—The Civil Tribunal of Périgueux, France, has decided that the French laws allow a person in holy orders in the Roman Catholic Church to contract marriage. The case was brought before the same tribunal in February last, when M. Brou de Laurière, who is in priest's orders, but has retired from exercising the functions of the ministry, applied to the tribunal for an order to compel the Mayors of Périgueux and Cendrieux to proceed to the celebration of his marriage with Mlle. Elisabeth de Fressange. On that occasion the Court, consisting of four judges, was equally divided, and a new trial was ordered, and in order to prevent the recurrence of a similar incident, five judges were ordered to sit on the bench. After the counsel for M. Brou de Laurière had stated the case in the same terms as on the first trial, the counsel for the Mayors declared that their clients did not oppose the application, and should defer to the judgment of the tribunal. The Procureur Imperial then rose, and strongly opposed the application. He declared that to permit the marriage of priests would be most injurious in a moral point of view. The learned gentleman concluded by expressing his conviction that the tribunal would never authorize a Roman Catholic priest to renounce celibacy. The tribunal, after due deliberation, pronounced the following judgment:—"The tribunal, considering that, according to the Code Napoléon, marriage is a purely civil contract which may be made

by all citizens whom it has not formally declared incapable; that it would be vain to seek in our laws a prohibition against the marriage of a Roman Catholic priest, since he does not by taking holy orders lose any of his rights as a citizen; that the organic law on public worship, of Germinal, year X., is as silent as the Code on this important point; that when the legislator is silent, it does not belong to the judges to supply his omissions, by deriving from moral and religious considerations, doubtless worthy of all respect, but having no root in the civil law, a prohibition which the latter does not contain: for these reasons the tribunal, determining the point left undecided on the 8th February, 1862, by the opinions of the judges being equally divided, and certifying that the Mayors of Périgueux and Cendrieux have deferred to the decision of the bench, declares and ordains that the said civil functionaries shall proceed to the publishing of the banns and celebration of the marriage of Brou Laurière with Elisabeth Fressange; and further ordains that mention of the present judgment shall be made in the marriage registers of the said communes of Périgueux and Cendrieux, and condemns Brou Laurière to pay all the costs."—*Ecclesiastical Gazette.*

LORD BROUGHAM'S TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.—Lord Brougham thus commenced the proceedings of the Social Science Congress of 1862. "The sixth Congress of our Association is opened in unhappy circumstances. We had reason to hope, from the last interview with which he honoured me upon our proceedings, that this chair would have been filled by the Prince whose loss the whole world deplores; whose life was devoted to promote the social sciences; who never had but one object, nor felt but one desire—the strict discharge of all his duties: his duty to his family, his adopted country, and mankind. Prevented by his position, and still more by the sound judgment that never failed, from mixing in general society, few only could estimate his great capacity and accomplishments, though all knew his virtues. But those with whom he formed acquaintance or transacted business were deeply impressed by his candour where he differed—a candour not of courtesy or condescension, but the reflection of his just and honest nature; and where he agreed, by the acuteness, calmness, and sagacity of his judgment, the fullness and accuracy of his information, and the originality of his suggestions. In the selection of subjects for his exertion and his supporting influence, he turned instinctively to furthering all general improvements well considered, and therefore safe. He was especially the friend of the people—the poor man's friend. Herein he well deserves a place in that class the most eminent of all, and the least numerous—those who live in advance of their own times. That the irreparable loss of such a man should be universally deplored by all, without distinction of rank, or party, or sect, is no marvel, for all have suffered. But our duty as subjects directs our respectful sympathy towards her on whom this blow has fallen most heavily, over whom he still watches, and to whom on leaving earth for the heaven that sent him,

'Weep not, he said, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again.'

But let all men of exalted station and commanding influence set before their eyes the career of this great and good Prince, ever bearing in mind the universal renown which he acquired, the affection and veneration which he inspired, and let them be well assured that, contrary to what so generally happens, his imitators will have no second or subordinate place; for the glory gained and the happiness enjoyed by following his bright example will be equal to his own, now the object of their envy and wonder. The Prince's anxiety for the interests of peace, as well as for our progress at home, gave rise to his great and most successful plan of the International Exhibition in 1851, and this year, as well as to the Statistical Congress of 1860. When he deemed his efforts or his influence useful, he despised not the more humble subjects of discussion. Witness his most able address at the meeting of the Servants' Provident Society in 1849, when he found it proved that domestic servants form the largest class of the Queen's subjects. But he was urgent with us also to give our institution as much as possible a European character; and it was chiefly on his suggestion that we undertook many inquiries connected with the trade and the usages of other countries, and afterwards founded an International Department."